

And now we say "Good bye." During the year we have tried, honestly enough, though often with poor success, to reflect student life here in Kingston. We never reached our ideal, and so are conscious of having made mistakes. We ask you to forget these, and to give your full confidence and support to our successors. We feel confident that under their guidance, and profiting by our errors, the JOURNAL for '94 will be the best volume in its history.

CONTRIBUTED.

EXPERIENCES.

IT has been truly said that the time spent in College is the most irresponsible period in a man's life; irresponsible because while it is a time of duty and preparation, still the student is to a certain extent shut out from the strifes and broils in the larger world about him. This contrast between college life and the wider sphere of usefulness may be felt more by those, who during the summer seek the means to tide over the session in college, but especially is it apparent to those who for a few months are placed in the position of spiritual guides and advisers to the people. At one time they are disciples and followers, at another leaders and commanders. At one time, revelling in the knowledge of responsibility to no one, at another, having the cares and burdens of a little community upon them. It may have been the sense of responsibility, brought out by the contrast I have just set forth, that caused me last spring to accept with diffidence a mission field in northern Manitoba. But where the hand of duty points there lies the road, and having cast aside the follies and vagaries of my college life, behold me at the beginning of the summer, pursuing the even tenor of my way, as "the minister" in a district 200 square miles in extent, lying near Gladstone on the M. & N. W. R. R.

Thursday, April 27th, in company with eleven others, I set out for "The Great Lone Land." Our objective point was Winnipeg, then we were to separate, going on our ways to different destinations. We had therefore the prospect of a three days' journey ahead of us, and we resolved to make it as pleasant as possible. The first day was spent in comparative quiet, as our preparations for the trip and our examinations had left us almost devoid of energy. But time conquers most things, even fatigue, and the gloom of the first day soon gave way before our college spirit and love of mirth which had not all been left in Kingston. The remaining two days were spent and enjoyed as only students can spend and enjoy them.

Humorous stories were told, songs and glees were sung, recitations were given, the "mock parliament" was instituted, and often the calm dignified and

withal persuasive command of Mr. Speaker rang out—"Gentlemen, we must have order." A native of the Emerald Isle being present, at our request, he addressed the parliament assembled. He alluded to the splendid entertainment furnished the passengers, and in glowing terms, set off by his rich Irish brogue, he complimented one of our number on his eloquence, comparing it to that of Gladstone, whom he had lately heard in London. This same gentleman introduced a member of the Manitoba Legislature. He in addressing us said he was pleased to find the country attracting such a lot of young men as those before him. He hoped we would make successful settlers, and enjoy the freedom of farm life in the North West. Saturday night the sport was kept up till a late hour, so late that no doubt our good Presbyterian ancestors turned in their graves, horrified at the "advance" we had made in these later days. But the Sabbath was not desecrated. Thus the time passed too quickly and our separation and responsibilities and duties drew nearer.

Sunday morning the features of the country through which we travelled warned us that we were approaching the plains. We had passed through the wilderness and swamps of Nipissing, we had skirted the northern shore of Lake Superior, a wide expanse of water on one side and the sublimity of mountain scenery on the other, with all its variety, of defile and canon, lake and winding river, "Rocks heaped on rocks upraised in rugged grandeur, reaching upward to the sky," and now we were rumbling along over the prairies, immortalized by the pen of Bryant, and destined to be the future home of thousands. At 10 a.m. we reached Winnipeg and spent the day in rest. Next morning we separate, and with a hearty grip and a God speed we go on our several ways. Some continue over the main line of the C. P. R., one goes south, while another and I take the M. & N. W. through the beautiful country known as the Portage Plains. I drop off at Gladstone while my companion continues on to Shoal Lake.

This part of Manitoba is more home-like than any part I have yet visited. It may be termed a park country, and the woods and stumps and rail fences carry one's thoughts back to Ontario. But the woods are not Ontario's woods, the spreading beech and stately maple; nothing but the tall, slender black poplar meets the eye at every point. The settlers come from the British Isles and Ontario, and are as fine a class of people as any in the world. The houses are small but comfortable. They are built of logs and boards, and the roofs are covered with thatch and shingles; sometimes sheet iron is used. Inside, downstairs, there is generally one partition, and that of boards. The walls are not plastered but papered nicely, and the ceiling is